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# King Edward VII.

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In Memoriam

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By

James Bayle







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KING EDWARD VII. In His Robes of State.



## TRINITY CHURCH

Columbus, Ohio

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*Whitsunday, May 15th. 1910*

*7:30 P. M.*

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### MEMORIAL SERVICE TO EDWARD VII. LATE KING OF ENGLAND

Born November 9th. 1841, Died May 6th. 1910

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Processional Hymn 394—"O Paradise, O Paradise,"

Apostles' Creed—Prayers.

Reading from the Bible.

Hymn 344—"Nearer My God to Thee,"

The favorite hymn of King Edward.

Address by Mr. James Boyle,

"Edward VII. as a Man and Monarch."

Anthem—"Sunset and Evening Star," by Alfred Tennyson,

The favorite poem of Queen Victoria, mother of Edward VII.

Soloist Alfred R. Barrington

Concluding Remarks by the Rector of the Parish,

Rev. Theodore Irving Reese.

Offertory Anthem—"God Shall Wipe Away all Tears from Their Eyes."

Hymn 674—"Peace, Perfect Peace,"

Hymn chosen by Queen Alexandra to be sung at the funeral, May 20.

Sung last Sunday in Buckingham Palace Chapel.

"Dead March in Saul"—Congregation Standing,

This March is always played at the funerals of the Monarchs of England.



JAMES BOYLE.

Private Secretary to the late Gov. McKinley, and former Consul for the United States  
at Liverpool, England.

# King Edward VII.

## *As a Man and a Monarch*

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By JAMES BOYLE

“The King is dead; long live the King!” Grief for the dead King, acclamations for the new! These two emotions are now—both at the same time—surging in the hearts of the myriads of people belonging to the British Empire—that Empire which encircles the globe, upon whose territory the sun never sets, and whose meteor flag flies on every sea. The same composite Teutonic-Celtic race which built and still controls that Empire is the same race from which we sprang; it is the same race which founded this free nation of the West. It is fit and proper, and perfectly in accord with the loftiest natural sentiments, that we here in this temple of worship—mostly Britishers by birth or descent—should extend our hand of sympathy to our kinsmen over the northern border and across the seas. But the whole world mourns; sympathy “makes all flesh kin.”

This solemn occasion recalls to my mind services I attended at Liverpool, England, in honor of William McKinley, of blessed memory. Those manifestations of sorrow on the part of the British people were not only a tribute of respect to the late President of the United States, as the head of a great and friendly nation, and of appreciation of his high character personally, but they were also the natural outpourings of a genuine sympathy which happily now exists between the greatest Empire and the greatest Republic in all history,—the one the offspring of the other.

There has not always been this mutual sympathy between the two nations, notwithstanding the close relations which have always existed between them, as in trade and commerce; for instance: the British Empire buys more of the products of the United States than all the rest of the world combined. Liverpool alone imports more from this country than the whole continent of Europe does.

When the American Colonials vindicated the principles of representative government which they had brought over from England, as Pilgrims, Puritans and Cavaliers, there was engendered an estrangement which continued to a certain extent for over a century, as the heritage of a family feud; and there have been occasions when this estrangement blazed forth into demonstrations of actual hostility. The original quarrel was that of Englishman against Englishman—of the refusal of the stay-at-home brother to concede to the brother who had come across the seas to found a new England the rights and privileges which were undisputably his in the old Mother Land:—that there should be no taxation without representation. It was the proverbial story of a family quarrel—which is notoriously generally more bitter than one between strangers; and for centuries the race had established a reputation not only of being splendid fighters, but of being self-opinionated and stiff-necked; and once having taken up a quarrel, these British and American kinsmen—both of the same blood and of the same ideas of liberty—not only stubbornly fought it out, but neither side was in a particular hurry to fall over the neck of the other and pretend that they were as long-lost brothers. Then, each was too busy with his own affairs to bother much about matters of sentiment outside concerns of present moment. The American had a wilderness—more than the third of a Continent—to subdue; the Britisher went forth and commenced anew to build up his Empire,—and, contrary to prophecies when the American colonies established their independence, the British flag now flies over a far greater extent of territory than in the fateful year of 1776.

But the breach was healed and the great reconciliation was effected in the fulness of time. It would have been against the law of nature had not this come about finally. First, there is the mysterious, but irresistible affinity of consanguinity—"the call of the blood;" "blood is thicker than water!" Then there are substantially the same ideals and aspirations, individually and collectively, between the two peoples:—the same standards of thought, and the same all-controlling element in the enactment and the enforcement of law—the popular will; the same spirit of obedience to law; there are practically the same principles as to representative government and the dominance of the majority opinion, accompanied with due safeguards as to the personal rights of the minority; in both nations nobody is held guilty of crime against the State or any person, high or low, until he is proved guilty; in both countries every man is equal before the law in obedience to the general law, and in responsibility for infraction thereof; there is the same Common Law; there are the same Constitutional guarantees; there is the same language—and that language is destined to dominate the world; the same literature—and especially

the same Bible; there is the same love of individual, personal liberty, and the same opposition to autocratic bureaucracy,—and in this particular America and Britain stand peculiarly alone by themselves among the great nations; and, furthermore, these two nations are in agreement in opposition to conscription and huge standing armies in times of peace.

All these things were bound to re-unite—and they have re-united—the two peoples; not in formal or even tacit alliance; there is no understanding between the United States and Great Britain any more than there is between this country and any Continental power; but Britons and Americans have been reunited in a straight-forward unwritten compact or reciprocal respect and affection. This is true notwithstanding the amalgamation of so many of other races and nationalities into the blood and the body-politic of the present day composite American people. With all the modifications and divergencies arising from the vast Continental immigration and absorption,—particularly of that sturdy and splendid race, the Germans—and in spite of the fact that, as Maurice Low—an Englishman, by the way—lays down in his psychological study of the American people, the latter are a new race; and while, as the same writer says, “America is no longer England or even a reflex of England,”—difference of environment would of itself make that impossible—yet, in spite of the fact that Americans are a new race as well as a new nation, it remains true that the British origin of both race and nationality has left its deep and irradicable birth-marks as a heritage for centuries. And the result is, that, after making all allowance for the influence of other races and nationalities, the relationship of the two peoples are: in all distinguishing characteristics—personal, temperamental, psychological, social, political, and governmental—there are no other two modern nations in the world with so many similarities and so few dissimilarities as Britain and America. The British origin of the American race and nationality is indelibly shown in individual, social, and domestic characteristics, and in the political institutions of the two countries.

It is of special interest at this time to note the news which has come from Washington within the past week: That at last there is to be a settlement of pecuniary claims between the United States and Great Britain which have been outstanding since 1776. The terms of the claims will be adjusted by two representatives of this country, and two of Great Britain, and they shall select an umpire.

Out of 26 Presidents of the United States, 24 have been of British paternal ancestry:—1 Welsh, 3 Scotch, 5 Scotch-Irish, and 15 English. The same race that produced Shakespeare, Milton, Cromwell, Nelson, Ten-

nyson, Huxley, Darwin, Burke, Scott and Burns, in Britain, has also given to America Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Lee, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Irving, Poe. And these are the names of only a few of the Immortals in whose veins flowed the blood of this mighty race. America and Britain exchange and reciprocally adopt each other's literary geniuses as do no other nations. Charles Dickens has more readers in America than in England; and our recently deceased quaint but kindly humorist, Mark Twain, was more honored in England than he was even in his native land.

To Ohioans—and especially to the citizens of Columbus—it ought to be a matter of pride that it was William McKinley who gave the finishing touches to the blessed re-union of the North and the South, after a fearful fratricidal war. So it was during the administration of the same peace-loving statesman that the reconciliation and the re-establishment of complete cordiality between the two English-speaking peoples came about. And, strange to say, these two happy occurrences were the result of the same event—the war with Spain, although possibly this fact has not been generally and adequately recognized. To my personal knowledge President McKinley was fully advised of the friendliness of the British government and people to the United States in that conflict, and I also personally know that he was profoundly and gratefully appreciative.

I could tell you much of the wonderful manifestation of sympathy in England and all over the British Isles when the news of the dastardly deed at Buffalo flashed under the seas, and of the universal expression of grief when the fatal end came. American and British flags were hung at half-mast, and many were the portraits of McKinley, bordered in black, displayed in public places. Religious services were held in most of the cities. At Liverpool a civic service was held on the day of the funeral, and the Lord Mayor, wearing his emblems of office, accompanied by the Municipal Council, marched from the Town Hall to the Church of England Pro-Cathedral, where the Bishop of the Diocese officiated at a most impressive service. On the following Sunday memorial services were held in a number of Churches of different denominations, and what was true of Liverpool was true generally throughout the country. By special request I attended a service, as American Consul, in an Anglican Church in the poorest district of the city. It is a large church, but it was packed with workingmen and their families. You can appreciate my feelings of emotion when I saw the Stars and Stripes, entwined fraternally with the Union Jack and draped with black, hung over the front of the pulpit; when I heard the vicar in his sermon eloquently and generously praise this country, and tenderly eulogize our martyred President; when the congregation



fervently sang McKinley's favorite hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light;" and when—the great congregation reverently standing with bowed heads—the organ pealed forth the sublimely grand and soul-inspiring "Dead March in Saul."

And, now, when the entire British people are bowed down in grief over the death of their beloved King, should not Americans send forth the voice of sympathy? Only those of British birth and those Americans who have spent some time in the British Isles can know and understand the passionate affection of the people over there for their dead Monarch. Senator Depew appropriately says that—in its effect—he would compare the King's death with the tragic end of McKinley. That comparison explains how close King Edward was to his countrymen of every class. When Victoria "the Good," died, there was a current feeling throughout Britain that the new Sovereign would fail to establish himself in the confidence and love of his people as his august mother had done. But the doubters were mistaken. It is too early yet to say what will be the final verdict of history on King Edward the Seventh. But this much is certain: So wonderfully successful was his reign, so fully did he meet the tremendous—though mostly undefined—requirements of his kingship, that men and women of the purest and most exacting standards of conduct have formed their ultimate estimate of him by the many excellencies of a personal character he showed, especially while he was King, and by his matchless record as a constitutional Monarch, and as a "Father of his People," in verity and in truth. The British people believe—and the world believes with them, and nobody so more heartily than the American people—that when Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, became Edward the Seventh, King of Great Britain and Ireland and of the Dominions beyond the Seas, and Emperor of India, he accepted reverently the moral as well as the official responsibilities of his office, and tried to meet them faithfully and bravely. When he realized that the hand of death was outstretched toward him, and that he must in a few hours cast off his regal honors, and become as dust of the earth the same as all other men, he said simply,—and in no vain boast—"I have done my best; I have tried to do my duty!" What can mortal do more? It is said that despite the protests of his physicians two days before his death, he insisted, between paroxysms of coughing, upon attending to affairs of State. "No," he said smilingly, "my back is to the wall. I shall fight it out!" And later, just before the final attack of coma set in, his physicians implored him to let public affairs alone. "No," said the dying King, "I shall not give in. I shall work to the end!" And he did work to the end, his heart being artificially stimulated with oxygen. Do you wonder that such

a King evoked the enthusiastic admiration and whole-souled loyalty of his subjects?

Premier Asquith, in his eloquent and dignified eulogy of his Sovereign in the House of Commons, said: "The chief quality which marked the late King was his strong and abiding and dominating sense of public duty."

It can be fairly claimed by the British race, without vaunting, that devotion to duty and faithfulness to trust, is a national characteristic. The greatest of all British popular heroes, Nelson, knew well the stuff his sailors were made of and what would best appeal to them before going into battle, when he flagged the message to his fleet, "England expects every man to do his duty!" And this devotion to duty as a national characteristic has not only been exemplified on the man-of-war, and on the battle-field, where British valor has won undying fame, but in the hospital, in the routine of official life, and in the drudgery of every-day tasks. Under the British governmental and social systems there are many anomalies, judging from the American standard; yet, in a real, practical sense there is no nation on earth which enjoys so much democratic freedom and equality of justice as do the British people with the one exception of the citizens of this happy Republic. This democratic freedom and equality do not owe their origin and safe-keeping altogether to the mere letter of the law—although it can be truly said that it is to England that modern democracy owes its first statutory existence—but to the sense of fair-play all around, even among the lowliest and humblest, and to the sentiment of *noblesse oblige* among those who by birth or other circumstances enjoy advantages and privileges above their fellows;—and this sentiment has its basis in a sense of duty. And it is this same spirit of fair-play and *noblesse oblige* which softens the discriminations and to some extent smooths over the inequalities of caste, and results in there being less bitterness of feeling on the part of the poor toward the rich than in almost any other country.

As to the Monarchy itself, it is almost impossible for the born American who has never been to England to quite understand the peculiar mental attitude of the British people generally and the working classes especially toward that admitted anachronism in these democratic days. This opens up a very interesting theme, but I can only glance at it here. The underlying controlling spirit of British institutions—political, religious, social, and economic—is that of compromise and opportunism, so long as equal justice be done to all men; the substance of things is sought for—and is generally obtained—rather than the letter and the bond. "Let well enough alone," is a motto which finds exemplification in affairs social, political, and governmental, although recently there has arisen a change of spirit in this regard; but it has not

touched the Monarchy. Indeed, with all the radical social legislation of recent times—far more radical than has been enacted in this country—it is a most extraordinary fact that the Monarchy actually seems to be stronger now than it has been within any other period of English history. But, of course, in this connection it must be kept in mind that Victoria and Edward have been different types of Monarchs than some of those who have sat on the throne. The average British idea is thus well expressed by Pope:

For forms of government let fools contest;  
What e'er is best administered is best.

It is this mental attitude of the British people as a whole which explains the remarkable fact that the democratic sister-states of the Empire—practically independent nations—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, are attached to the Monarchy,—not, mind you, however, necessarily to the principle of Monarchism—and why even British Socialists of the most extreme type, while professing Republicanism as a theory of government, confess that so long as the throne is occupied by such Sovereigns as Victoria and Edward, they will not lift a finger to disturb the Monarchy. Americans are sometimes amazed to hear British Socialists declare that as between a typical American President, possessing the enormous official authority which our Presidents have under our Constitution and the law, and a King Edward, they would prefer the latter! The truth is, that the Sovereign of the British Empire has but little direct governmental or executive power, either as regards Parliament, the law, or the Constitution. There is an oft-quoted saying: "The King reigns but does not govern." He has certain supposed Constitutional powers which are very shadowy, and the power to use them—or the permission to use them—would depend very largely upon the individuality of the Sovereign and the temper of the people at the time; while there are certain well-defined limitations beyond which the British Sovereign dare not pass, at the risk of losing his crown. But, at the same time, the influence of the Monarchy is very great. Probably King Edward had more personal individual influence than any other man of these times, not only in his own dominions, but throughout the world; and it is a tremendous thing to say of him that this influence, speaking broadly, was profoundly beneficent.

There are a large number of workingmen in the British Parliament. Two score of them belong to an independent party, officially know as the Labor Party. All of them are trade-unionists, and some of them are Socialists,—indeed, the Labor Party as an organization holds Socialist views. At the memorial proceedings in the House of Commons, one of these Labor members,—a working miner—speaking for his party, said that by his noble

life and heroic service, King Edward had enabled the masses of the working classes to realize that those in high places used their enormous powers to make this life happier and brighter. Phillip Snowden, one of the most influential and talented of the Labor members of Parliament, has said, since the death of the King,—and he speaks for two-and-a-half millions of British trade unionists—“The Labor Party in England had great hopes in King Edward. . . . We are a Democratic party, not Republicans. . . . No member of the Labor Party attacks the Monarchy.”

Without conceding one jot or tittle of the glorious and irrevocable proposition that in this free and grand Republic of ours there shall never be hereditary privilege, Americans, in considering the status of the British Monarchy, should keep in mind certain national peculiarities of the Old Land. There the Monarchy—with but one break, and that only a brief one—has been a continuous institution, woven into the fabric of national life, from the earliest records of its glorious history. And it must also be remembered that tradition has a great hold on the average British mind—Welsh, Scotch, English, and also Irish,—indeed, probably on the last-named more than on the other divisions of the British race. The British Monarchy is the most ancient in Christendom; and a great authority in such matters declares that the late King possessed “the oldest male pedigree of any person belonging to the United Kingdom, the finest and the longest of undoubted unbroken lineal male descent,” dating back, it is claimed, to the eighth century. Hence, there is considerable sentiment attached to the British monarchy; and one of the greatest of mortals, Napoleon, affirms that sentiment rules the world.

A friend whom I have met in different parts of the world, a missionary Bishop of the great American Methodist Church, once told me his impressions of the ceremony of the King’s Coronation, which he was privileged to witness. The Bishop said: “Edward the Seventh ought to make a good King. Never in my life have I witnessed such a scene of a people’s devotion and expression of religious feeling in behalf of mortal man. The vast multitude in Westminster Abbey seemed to be saturated with the sentiment of loyalty to their Sovereign and of a passionate, imploring, almost insistent entreaty to the Most High to bless him and his Queen.”

I myself saw the King a number of times while I was in England, and on several occasions when his well-known democratic good-nature was manifested. I did not witness the actual Coronation, but I saw him going to the Abbey to be crowned, and I saw the wonderfully splendid procession from the Abbey back to Buckingham Palace, after the Coronation. I believe there can be no disputing the statement that the Coronation of a British Sovereign

is the most impressive public ceremony in the whole world. Great stands had been erected between the Abbey and the Palace, which is the London residence of the King. There were hundreds of thousands of eager, happy people,—including thousands of Americans—on the streets, and at other points of view; the crowds everywhere were “as wide as eye could reach.” It has been said that in all probability there was a greater mass of human beings gathered together in London that day than at any other time at one place within the history of this old world of ours. The people were happy beyond expression, and yet there was a noticeable nervousness among them. It will be recalled that the Coronation had been originally set for some months previously, and, indeed, the postponement was not made until the very day fixed for the ceremony. As a matter of fact, as it afterwards developed, the King had been ill for some time, and his condition grew worse as the first date for the Coronation approached. The court physicians had pleaded with the King not to undergo the fatigue and even the danger of a long ceremony. But the King declared that if humanly possible he would not disappoint his people, not only because of sentimental and patriotic reasons, but because of the vast expense the people and the government had been put to, in addition to the inconvenience. This self-sacrifice on the part of the King was quite in keeping with his character; but he risked his life by refusing to abandon the program until the last moment. The brave King kept up until human nature could stand it no longer. Suddenly the proclamation was made that the indisposition of the King was such that the Coronation would have to be postponed. I was in London on that day, expecting to see the procession. I shall never forget that day. The people were terror-stricken at the news that the King was so ill that a grave operation would have to be performed. At that time the King was very popular, and the dramatic circumstances of his illness brought out an extraordinary demonstration of affectionate sympathy and pathetic devotion. On that day, and for days afterwards, wherever people assembled, the National Anthem was sung; at the hotel where my wife and I were stopping the people would sing it before sitting down to dinner, and there could be no doubt that this was done as a humble, earnest petition to the Almighty. Happily, the King recovered, and for the second time the Coronation was arranged for. And this time everything passed off successfully.

With curious interest our party gazed at the royal personages and the potentates from far and near, being driven from the Palace to the Abbey; but with the exception of King Edward and his gentle and beautiful Queen, Alexandra, the only ones who received any particular ovation were two sim-

ple, modest English girls. They came near the head of the procession, following the mounted couriers. They were in an open royal carriage, and it could be seen at once from their dress—a plain but neat uniform—that they were nurses. In a flash, the people understood what their King had done. He had issued an order that his faithful nurses, who, under God's providence, had done so much to restore him to his people, should have this public acknowledgement of his gratitude, by being driven down the line, from the Palace to the Abbey, there to witness his Coronation. In one way it was but a small thing for the King to do, but it was also a kingly thing to do:—"Just like our King," the delighted people said to each other; it touched the British people and brought their Sovereign near to them in a way but few other things could have done. In the Abbey itself there was another instance of that exquisite, considerate and knightly courtesy, that instant intuitive habit of doing the right thing at the right time in the right way, which seemed as natural to King Edward as his very physical attributes. As our present Ambassador to London, Mr. Reid, once felicitously expressed it: Edward the Seventh was "manly in kingly things, and kingly in manly things." The incident referred to was during the actual act of Coronation. The ancient and impressive ceremony had come to a climax—the supreme moment when the Archbishop of Canterbury was to put the jewelled Crown of Empire on the Sovereign's head. There was a hush almost painful in the Abbey, and the concourse—probably the most illustrious of the great ones of this earth ever assembled—felt a thrill almost of awe, so wrought-up were their feelings, when for a moment it looked as if there might be a disturbing incident. The aged and feeble prelate showed some bodily difficulty in rising to his feet to complete the ceremony of Coronation. Instantly, quietly, and unobtrusively, the King-Emperor was at his side and aided him. The act was done so swiftly and so naturally, that some of the spectators did not appreciate at first what had happened. The ceremony was concluded without untoward incident; the deep-toned organ rolled and crashed out its thunder of music, the trumpets blared, Westminster's choir—angelic in its sweetness—burst into song, and with one heart and voice the enthralled multitude in the solemn fane,—where rests the dust of many of Britain's noblest and most heroic sons—with one vast tumultuous rapturous sound, all combined in the supplication, "God Save the King!"

As before said, I was not in the Abbey, but I had an excellent position to see the King and Queen going to the Abbey from their Palace, and the grand ceremonial procession from the Abbey back to the Palace after the Coronation. Suddenly, we could hear the roar of many guns and the joyous

pealing of bells. That is what we had been waiting for: we knew that the ceremony of Coronation was over. The hundreds of thousands of human beings on the miles of tiers of stands, at countless windows and on house-tops, and from every inch of space where view could be had,—stretching from Abbey to Palace—like a flash became settled into a concentrated mass of eager, strained expectancy, with every eye and every heart focussed on that particular spot where first could be seen the royal procession. A strange hush spread itself over the sea and the piled-up mountains of human beings; the strained intensity became so great that people did not speak. Then from the direction of the Abbey came a mighty sound of thousands of human voices,—and there is nothing more uplifting in rapture or more awe-inspiring in majesty—than such a sound. Louder grew this sound—like the roar of many waters—a perfect torrent and avalanche of sound. From where we were we could not see the Abbey, but we knew that the King and Queen had started on the return journey to the Palace. Very soon we could distinguish that the noise was the singing of the National Anthem. The unnumbered thousands commenced singing as soon as they saw the King and Queen come out of the Abbey. Block after block of crowded human beings took up the words as soon as the royal pair came into sight, the sound ever increasing in volume. When the King and Queen came opposite to the stand in which I was, the very air seemed electrically surcharged with the passionate prayer—for it was a prayer—the prayer of a nation for its rulers! You know the music; it is familiar to you in our patriotic hymn “America.” Sung as I heard it sung on that occasion, it was grandly, thrillingly majestic. I saw hundreds around me singing this appeal to High Heaven with tears streaming down their faces, men as well as women—and a number of women were so overcome that they fell down on their seats in a paroxysm of sobs. Usually the British are a stolid, phlegmatic, undemonstrative people, but beneath this reserve and apparent coldness, they have a deep religious and patriotic feeling; this is one of the several anomalies of the British character. It is sometimes said that the English have no poetic sentiment; yet, as was proudly and with some show of foundation declared at a notable literary function at London recently—search the annals of every nation—ancient as well as modern—and no other one can be found to have produced so many poets of the first order as has that little rock-bound, foggy island. The British do not carry their hearts on their sleeve; but when their deepest emotions are aroused, they yield unreservedly and cast away all conventionalities.

When the King and Queen had passed, cheers took the place of singing—and the British know how to cheer:—they fairly thundered out their cheers

—a pendemonium of peans of triumph. Next to me on the stand was an American who had been a distinguished officer in the Confederate Army. He was carried away by the occasion, and he confessed to me that not since the Civil War had he been so moved. Amid such a scene of splendor and such a manifestation of affectionate loyalty did King Edward commence his reign.

And now the King is dead, and an Empire is in tears. And what an Empire! Its population is over four hundred millions—more than one-fifth of that of the entire globe. Its area is nearly eleven-and-a-half million square miles—more than one-fifth of this planet! It embraces practically every race, color, tongue, religion, climate and natural product known to man. And the home-country of the race—the composite British race—which owns this immense share of the world—(and as a matter of history, it must be also remembered in this connection that the same race founded this nation)—I say the home-country of this mighty race, is less than 122,000 square miles in area, and has only about forty-three millions in population. As our own Oliver Wendell Holmes says:—

This little speck, the British Isles—  
'Tis but a freckle!

There is gallant little Wales, bonnie Scotland, merrie England, and dear old Ireland. The first three are really united, in heart as well as in material interest. And what shall we say about poor Ireland? King Edward's reign has not brought actual full peace and contentment to what is called in one of her most pathetic songs the "distressful country;"—but,—speaking without reference to politics—the sun has commenced to shine even in Ireland;—and it is altogether probable that much of the credit is due to the King's attitude, which, while strictly constitutional and unpolitical, has always been sympathetic and kindly toward Ireland; and it is an open secret that—while careful not to suggest any definite policy,—he was always solicitous that Ireland should be happy and contented within the Union, as are the other two Kingdoms, England and Scotland, and the Principality of Wales. But while King Edward has not lived to see a full settlement on the one side and a complete reconciliation on the other,—“the wing of oblivion stretched o'er the past”—he did see before he died a wonderful change come over Ireland, both in material things and in the sentiments and the spirit of the people. As John Dillon, one of the most trusted of the Nationalist leaders, says: “Ireland has made more progress in the last ten years than during the previous two hundred years. . . . The whole face of the land is changing, and the spirit of the people with it.” In truth, there has been born a new Ireland—an Ireland practically unknown to most of our fellow-citizens of Irish birth



or descent. There has been a tremendous improvement in the material and social condition of the people, and the old intensely bitter feeling with regard to both politics and religion is happily giving place to a spirit of mutual tolerance and respect. Probably King Edward was more popular in Ireland than any other Monarch who has ever sat on England's throne. William O'Brien, the leader of the Independent Nationalists, declares that for the first time in centuries the Irish people can place a tribute of respect and kindly regard on the tomb of an English King.

King Edward possessed to a marked degree the faculty of winning the affection as well as the confidence of all men, of all classes, who came within the sphere of his influence, direct or indirect. Of Americans, our own McKinley perhaps resembled him the most in this regard. On this occasion, it would be inappropriate for me to introduce controversial or political questions; but probably the most of the men present know something of the serious Parliamentary and Constitutional crisis which has been agitating the United Kingdom for several months. The developments have been such that had the King lived the probabilities are that in a short time he would have had to decide the most momentous Constitutional question which has ever been presented to a British monarch. He thoroughly understood the gravity of the situation, and there is no doubt that the worry incidental thereto had much to do with the fatal ending of his illness. True is it, as England's Immortal Bard declares, that "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Probably no living man knew how King Edward would have decided this question, but there was a universal conviction that whatever his decision might be, it would be dictated by the highest considerations of the permanent good of his people, the welfare of the State, and in accordance with his Constitutional rights and limitations, as he understood them; and no responsible man in Britain would have challenged the integrity of that decision.

At his funeral there will be all the pomp and circumstance and trappings of woe which are considered appropriate to the putting away of the mortal remains of a great Monarch. But no aspect of the death and burial of Edward the Seventh will give greater dignity and honor than the deep, genuine grief of the poorest and lowliest of his subjects. As he is laid away in his sepulchre at Royal Windsor, the beautiful tribute can be paid him that he was beloved by the poor and the lowly; and no better benediction can any man have.

He not only possessed infinite tact and ever-present consideration for others, in private matters and in the little things of life,—earning him the title of "the First Gentleman of Europe"—but in serious matters of State, do-

mestic and foreign, he was universally acknowledged to be wonderfully well-informed and skillful; indeed, in diplomacy he was conceded to be matchless. He was, in a special sense, friendly to America and Americans. This was known not only to Americans visiting England, but it is well recognized in Washington; and therefore it is peculiarly satisfactory to Americans and Britishers that our esteemed President has, with excellent judgment, selected his predecessor, that magnificent American, Mr. Roosevelt,—our foremost citizen—to represent this country at the funeral. While the King was truly British, he was also broadly cosmopolitan. He was genially human, fond of the lighter things in social amenities; but as a Monarch he was also serious-minded. He loved his subjects, and he gave them the best there was in him in their service.

The King took an interest in everything legitimate that interested his subjects; he was a many-sided man, and he devoted much time—as did the Queen—in setting in motion, and in encouraging otherwise, movements with benevolent and charitable objects, and for social and industrial reform. Even his former critics—for even Kings have critics—now freely and thankfully admit that in his attitude toward the public, social, and domestic life of the people, he as Sovereign exemplified the maxim that “righteousness exalteth a nation.”

In affairs of State he was probably the greatest Constitutional Monarch who ever sat upon the British throne. The words from the poem of Tennyson addressed to his mother, describing her throne as being “broad based upon her people’s will,” applies in an equal degree to King Edward. Tradition speaks of “the divine right” of kings; but without taking heed of the Constitutional principle involved as to the rights and powers of the British Monarchy, it is certainly true that King Edward ruled—as did his mother—by the free and loving consent of his people.

Yes, when Edward the Seventh died, there died a great king—a noble king—“aye, every inch a king!” There were many things in kingcraft in which he was great and noble; but in nothing else was he so great and noble as he was as a constant, sincere, and earnest worker in behalf of peace and good-will among the nations. His many official titles make a long roll-call. But greater than any one of these, greater than all combined, is that honorary title which the civilized world has bestowed upon him—“Edward the Peace-maker!” “Blessed are the Peace-makers,” declare the sacred Beatitudes, “for they shall be called the children of God!” It has been given to but few mortals to wear a nobler title than that.

And in such a reflection and in such an estimate of his character, all the peoples and nations are reverently paying tribute to Britain's dead King; and they all unite in thanking the Heavenly Father and the Ruler of us all that, under His providence,—confessing the imperfections of human nature—King Edward tried to do his whole duty, and that especially did he do what in him lay to hasten the happy day when liberty, justice, and mercy shall prevail throughout the earth, and when war shall be no more, and when all men shall be brothers indeed, thus helping to establish the reign of the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords—the Prince of Peace!

# LINEAGE OF THE BRITISH MONARCHY.

[Compiled by James Boyle.]

The English Monarchy dates from A. D. 827, when Egbert, "the Saxon," was crowned "First King of all England." The dynasty of the Saxons and Danes lasted until 1066; then followed the House of Normandy, until 1154; the House of Plantagenet until 1399; the House of Lancaster, until 1461; the House of York, until 1485; the House of Tudor, until 1603; the House of Stuart, until 1685. [The Commonwealth was declared May 19, 1649—Oliver Cromwell, "Lord Protector," 1653-8; Richard Cromwell, "Lord Protector," 1658-9.] Then came the Restoration of the House of Stuart, which lasted until 1714; the House of Hanover, until 1901, Queen Victoria being the last of that dynasty. King Edward VII was the first Sovereign of the House of Saxe-Coburg.

Scotland had independent sovereigns from Malcolm, A. D. 1057, until James VI, 1567, and he on March 24, 1603, ascended the English throne as James I.

Some historians have traced the succession of native Irish Sovereigns to about the period of the flood, "before which time there were many Princes!" Heber and Heremon, Milesian Princes from Galicia, in Spain, who were the original conquerors of Ireland, are said to have reigned from the year 1300 B. C. until 1291 B. C., and to have given to the Irish throne a race of 171 Kings. Of the "authentic list" of Irish Sovereigns the first is Fearaidhach-Fionfachtna, crowned A. D. 4. The last of the independent Irish Kings was Roderic, or Roger, O'Connor, crowned 1168. Henry II of England became "Lord of Ireland" in 1172—and this title was continued until Henry VIII, who was styled "King of Ireland;" and on the Union of Ireland with Great Britain, January 1, 1801, the title was merged into that pertaining to the United Kingdom as a whole.

Wales had independent Sovereigns from Roderick the Great, A. D. 840, to Llewellyn ap Griffith, 1282. Edward of Carnarvon (King Edward II of England) was created Prince of Wales in 1301. King Edward VII was the 17th Prince of Wales since that date, and he was succeeded in that title by his son (the new King, George V), when Edward became Monarch in 1901, upon the death of his mother, Queen Victoria.

## KING EDWARD VII.

The full title of Edward VII, as Monarch, was: "His Most Excellent Majesty, EDWARD THE SEVENTH, by the Grace of God, King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India."

Edward VII was the eldest son of the late Queen and Empress Victoria, and of the late Prince Consort. Edward was born at Buckingham Palace, November 9, 1841; he succeeded to the throne January 22, 1901. On March 10, 1863, he was married to Princess Alexandra Caroline Marie Charlotte Louise Julia (Queen Alexandra, known since the death of her husband as the "Queen Mother"), eldest daughter of the late King Christian IX, of Denmark; she was born December 1, 1844.

The eldest son of Edward VII and Queen Alexandra—who would now be King, had he lived—was Albert Victor Christian Edward of Wales, Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Earl of Athlone, was born January 8, 1864, and died January 14, 1892.

The new King, George V, is the second son of Edward VII and Queen Alexandra. Before he became King, he was George Frederick Ernest Albert, Prince of Wales

and Earl of Chester, Duke of Cornwall and York, etc., etc. He was born June 3, 1865, and on July 6, 1893, he was married to the Princess Victoria Mary ("May") of Teck, who was born May 26, 1867.

King Edward was educated chiefly by private tutors, but he attended lectures at Edinburgh, Cambridge and Oxford Universities. He was a great traveler as the Prince of Wales. His visit to Canada and the United States in 1860 was the occasion of great popular demonstrations; he passed through this city (Columbus, O.), making a short stay. In 1875 he visited India, and did much to confirm the loyalty to the British Crown of the people and the native Princes.

Of his six children four are now living: George Frederick, now King George V; Princess Louise, born February 20, 1867, married July 27, 1889, to the Duke of Fife; Princess Victoria Alexandra, born July 6, 1868, and Princess Maud Charlotte, born November 26, 1869, married July 22, 1896, to Prince Karl of Denmark, now King Haakon VI of Norway.

At the death of his mother, Queen Victoria, January 22, 1901, Edward ascended the throne, but his Coronation, set for June 26, 1902, had to be postponed at the last moment on account of a dangerous attack of perityphlitis; he had to undergo a very severe operation. On his recovery the Coronation took place August 9, 1902.

Of the great events of his reign—to the successful issue of which he largely contributed—some of the most important are: the establishment of cordial relations with France and Russia, the treaty with Japan, the conciliation of the Boers in South Africa and the federation of the various South African British Colonies with the recently conquered Dutch republics. The growth of Imperial sentiment among the self-governing "sister nations"—the "British Dominions beyond the Seas"—has been very marked during the reign of King Edward VII.

King Edward died at Buckingham Palace, London, at 11:45 on the night of May 6, 1910, in the presence of his wife, Queen Alexandra (now the "Queen Mother"), the Prince and Princess of Wales (now the King and the Queen Consort), the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Fife, Princess Victoria, and Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyle). The King's body was conveyed from Westminster Hall, London, to Windsor, for burial, on May 20. The funeral ceremonies were the most elaborate and impressive, the procession was the largest and the most magnificent, and the concourse of public mourners was the most stupendous ever recorded in history.

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